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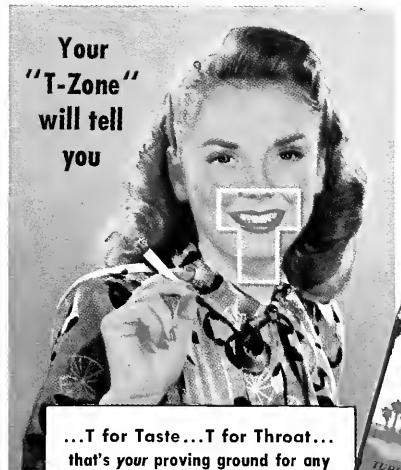
# "EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!"

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# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. X

NOVEMBER, 1947

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# *Between the Columns . . .*

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Well, Rats, here's something specially for you—It's all yours From the first page to the last we have dedicated this, our November issue, to you, the class of '51. You went through an ordeal during Rat Week, but you lived through it, and now you're a part of S. T. C.—just as much a part as the bricks of the buildings.

In case you haven't recognized one of your number, the rat on the cover is none other than the best—Betsy Gravely. Want another laugh at your own expense? Well, turn to page 17 for some more pictures.

Between these covers will be found the top winners of the short story contest. Three cheers for Lila Easley, Betty Spindler, and Virginia Bailey for their prize winning *Sir William, Beyond the Black Night*, and *Home Is Where the Heart Belongs*, respectively!! Honorable mention stories will appear in the next issue of THE COLONNADE.

Our guest writer, Dean Savage, has a word for all of us in *Our Student Personnel Program*. Dalila Agostini presents her reaction to the Spanish Workshop of last summer with a feature entitled *Aquí se Habla Espanol*.

A newcomer to our staff is Laurette Veza from Lyons. We're expecting great things of our French humorist. We also want to welcome "Ting" Rattray back into our midst. She has favored us with two of her poems. And we mustn't forget Betty Jordan in the poetry line.

As an extra tribute to you battle-scarred rats, we herewith submit a piece of nonsense entitled *Lament*.  
That's all for now. Until next time . . . .

# Our Student Personnel Program



DEAN WILLIAM W. SAVAGE

"OUR qualifications for study at State Teachers College have been examined carefully, and we believe that your admission as a student would be fair to you and to the College. In admitting you, we are assuming the responsibility of providing an educational program that is in line with what you need and want." Briefly, and in effect, that is what we are now saying to students who attend this institution.

We are utilizing every resource available to develop here a student personnel program equal to that in any college in the United States. This cannot be accomplished overnight. Neither can it be achieved without the cooperation of the students, alumnae, faculty members, and administrative personnel. Mistakes will be made, and at times our progress will seem slow. However, even now we have encouraging evidence of the success with which our efforts are meeting.

Our program of student personnel work has several objectives of primary importance. Summarized briefly, they are:

1. We shall attempt to examine very carefully the academic and personal qualifications of each student applying for admission. In so far as possible, we shall admit only those students who give evidence of being able to complete successfully their studies here.

2. We shall attempt to give to every student admitted the personal assistance that he or she needs in making plans for the future and in solving problems of the present.

3. We shall attempt to make even a greater effort in the future than we have in the past to graduate in our teaching curricula only those students who have chosen with care a career in education and who have the personal qualifications necessary to enter the field as truly professional members of it.

Our College has a rich history of service and accomplishment. A sound program of student personnel work can be of tremendous value in continuing it.

THE COLONNADE



*Just as he was about to open a casual conversation with Agnes, another figure pounced from around the other side of the barrel. It was Roger Binge, the largest and most dreaded alley cat of the neighborhood.*

# Sir William

LILA EASLEY, '50

*First Prize in Short Story Contest*

IT was a sunny spring Sunday morning, and the dew of the night before had not yet dried. Sir William stepped gingerly on the lawn, for there was no feeling he hated more than that of the cool wetness of morning dew on his feet. He had been around to the back door in a vain effort to get inside, but since the household slept late Sundays, nobody had heard his plea for admittance. As he rounded the corner of the house, Sir William spied a sight which made his heart leap with joy. Two boxes were stacked, one on top of the other, under a window. And since the wood work was being painted, the screens were out. Sir William bounded lightly over the remainder of the lawn and landed in the freshly-dug flower bed. If a human eye could have seen him, it might well have imagined that this fluffy white figure was a ghost of the morning mist fleeing from the warmth penetrating from the early morning sun.

This flower garden was one of Sir William's favorite haunts. On hot summer days, he would often scratch himself a cool napping place below the surface of the ground. This morning, Nature had performed one of her spring wonders by turning the plot of earth and foliage into a fairy-land. Silky spider webs all heavy with dew clung to every plant. Many of the bolder rose bushes had small pirkish buds on them, and the small peach tree looked like cotton candy. This beauty, however, did not enthrall the feline soul of Sir William. His sole purpose was to escape from the cool dampness of the outside into the warm dryness of the inside. He eyed the boxes under

the window and decided that his best bet would be to get a running start and then jump from one box straight to the other without a moment's pause. This he did, with agile leaps. Upon reaching the upper box, he estimated his jump to the window sill which was a good distance above him. If he failed, he would fall back to the moist ground, and all he had done would be futile. With that, he leaned back on his haunches and gave a mighty bound. His claws dug into the paint-covered wood of the window sill. He clung there a second, not daring to look down. Then he scrambled to the inside and sat on the window frame, licking his paws with pride. Upon observing the interior, he saw a bed with the unconscious form of his little mistress under the covering. How innocent the little sleeping devil looked! Sir William remembered the many pranks she had played at his expense. He gazed with some misgiving at the jagged hunk missing from his beautiful bushy tail, thinking of the time the buzzing electric razor had bitten it out. This had greatly embarrassed him, especially when he would meet up with some of the lower alley cats above whom his Persian pedigree gave him a social superiority.

After several pensive minutes, Sir William made the short jump to the bed and padded stealthily across so that he would not awaken the little devil. At this moment he did not feel that he could suffer a demonstration of her love for him. Hence he crept on to his favorite spot—a large cushioned window-seat in the dining room. It was so comfortable that it didn't take

*Please turn page*

## THE COLONNADE

him long to relapse into a peaceful nap.

When he awoke, or rather was awakened, he found himself the object of violent, affectionate embraces from his little mistress which were intermingled with baby-talk. Lazily he opened one yellow-green eye and closed it again, as the child skipped merrily away.

After a good breakfast of milk and table scraps, Sir William resumed his nap, for the family had gone away. Sunday was a day of feasting and napping for him, since he usually had the house to himself.

Later in the day, Sir William arose from his napping-place, stretched himself and hopped down from the window seat. He wandered idly from one room to the other, and finally ended up sitting on the self-same window sill upon which he had sat that morning. The evening sun cast shafts of crimson through the fringed spring lace of a silver maple in the back lot. Sir William purred with contentment and primped his soft glorious fur, while contemplating an escape before the return of the family. He leaped once more to the top box and thence to the ground, which was still warm from the sun. After chasing several beetles and flying insects, Sir William crawled up under a dense overgrowth of trailing clematis which covered the back porch lattice-work.

Later he was aroused by his young mistress' calling him in a monotonous voice to come to his evening meal. Sir William liked his usual Sunday night meal of raw liver, but he did not budge from his determination not to be subjected to the affectionate child. He didn't move a limb, and finally her voice trailed off into an exhausted sob. Several times that night, he heard her calling him in a pitiful voice, but he closed his heart to her and stayed close to his hiding place.

About midnight, he crept out cautiously and looked around. A quarter moon hung low over the maple now, and "King Night" truly reigned over the earth. In the adjacent vacant lot, Sir William made out the form of Agnes, the alley cat, perched up on an old barrel. To show his entire disregard

for any feline of so low a birth, he sauntered toward her in a condescending gait. Just as he was about to open a casual conversation with Agnes, another figure pounced from around the other side of the barrel. It was Roger Binge, the largest and most dreaded alley cat of the neighborhood, who inhabited an old ramshackled barn and preyed on smaller animals for his living. Sir William was thoroughly shocked, for he had always made it his practice to keep away from Roger. Smiling grimly, Roger spat out something about not liking snobs around when he was wooing his lady friends. To which Sir William replied that he was merely taking his nightly stroll and started off. But Roger barred his path and pointed tauntingly at the jagged tear in his tail. With much disdain, he asked him how he suffered such an atrocity. This was too much for Sir William. He arched his back, growled and called Roger a son of an alley cat. With truly feminine spirit, Agnes jumped off the barrel and ran. Then Roger jumped on Sir William and they spun over and over like a pin wheel, biting, clawing and calling out horrible insults at each other. Sir William felt shocks of pain as Roger dug his claws again and again into his glorious white fur. Roger's teeth sank into his white furry throat, and Sir William gasped for his very breath. With one mighty effort, Sir William anchored his claws deep into the sides of Roger's head and pulled them downward.

Roger gave a shriek of pain and released his grip on the ball of shattered fur. Sir William took advantage of his opportunity and streaked across the vacant lot, through a hedge and across the lawn and flower bed. This time the jump to the window sill took little effort, and before he realized what had happened, Sir William found himself once again perched upon the window frame gazing down at the sleeping image of his unhappy mistress. He jumped softly to the bed and after licking his wounds, curled up in the crook of her little elbow. He sighed with contentment at the thought of being at home again and within reach of his over-affectionate young mistress.

# *Lament*

ANNE MOTLEY, '48

What a sight—those ghoulish faces!  
As the rats all scurry to take their places.  
“I’m a seditious, sciolistic—what goes next?  
My tongue is tied, and my spirits vexed.  
“My knees are weary from crouching low—  
Waiting for ‘All Clear’ signals to blow.  
“Since six o’clock they’ve run me crazy.  
I’ve done so much my mind is hazy.  
“I want a fag—but I can’t smoke.  
Mail call at four is no small joke.  
“Appointments all day in Sophomore rooms—  
My back is bent from wielding brooms.  
“My knuckles are sore from washing clothes.  
My eyes are red, as well as my nose.  
“My bag is heavy; my head hangs low.  
What makes this Rat Week go so slow?”

# Beyond the Black Night

BETTY SPINDLER, '49

*Second Prize in Short Story Contest*

D HENEVER it rains, as it is now in sheets, and the wind blows so that the cedars in the lane nearly bend double, I cannot rest until Andre comes home. On other nights it is easy to relax by the library fire with a book or my knitting, or to steal out to the kitchen to talk to the cook about dinner. Tonight it is raining the way it did the night I was brought to Cedar Hill. I can have no peace until Andre returns from Charleston. He'll drive the fear away and make me forget. You see, I have no past. Beyond that black night I was brought here, I know nothing. Andre, my husband now, is very gentle and understanding, he knows me better than I know myself. He says I mustn't fret about the past for only our future is important.

But who am I? Where did I come from? A voice that talks inside me, says "Hush! He will be home soon, and he'll make it all right. His arms are the whole world for you and when he kisses you and laughs at the stray curl on your forehead; everything is all right again."

Yes, I know. I won't worry any more. I'll put the "Appassionata" on, and by the time he arrives it will have played to his favorite part.

Why must it rain so? The trees and the wind moan like lost souls. Lost souls? Do I have a soul, or was it lost with my identity? That incessant spatter on the terrace is driving me crazy, and that music! That's it! It's that music! I can't stand it; I can't! Andre, come home and make me forget!

That voice is talking again. What does it say? Listen - - -

"Take hold of yourself, woman, or you'll lose your mind."

Lose my mind? I have no mind; Andre thinks for me. That's it! That's why I am nobody; I have no past, and I have no mind. Andre is my past and my mind; therefore, I am nothing but Andre. How could I have thought that he is kind and gentle and understanding? He is cruel and selfish; he has taken my being from me till I am nothing but a beautiful body without any soul. I will be something again, though! I will go away. Yes, I will go away now—tonight, quickly before he comes. Without Andre, I can find out who I am.

Pierre is in the dining room and will hear me if I go out the front, but if I go to my room, then down the back stairs and out the conservatory door, no one will know I have gone.

First I must find my coat. Where is my blue coat? That's the one I want. It's heavy and not noticeable like my fur one. I'll hide the fur coat. When they look for me, they'll tell the police to look for a beautiful blonde in a fur coat. I'll fool them, though; I'll wear my blue one and tomorrow I'll dye my hair black, then Andre won't ever, ever find me. I'll be free! I'll be somebody; I'll have my own past, my own mind, my own name; then I won't need Andre's anymore.

These steps creak, but cook won't notice. She'll think it's Marie. Where's the key to the conservatory door? I must find the key, quick! Where is it, where is the key? Oh, stupid little fool, the door's not locked. Don't you remember? You threw away the key when you were mad with Andre last week.

The car! Here comes the car; I must run and run! He'll see me and catch me. He'll make me come back and be nobody forever. Run, fool, run! Don't ever go back to him—never, never, never. Run faster—Oh, how my heart throbs and my side hurts. Don't stop running—he'll catch you! Oh-h-h.

Andre Prince sat in the big leather chair with his head in his hands. Three-thirty and still not word of Elina. She had been there, so the servants said, just before he arrived.

"Where could she be on such a terrible night? Why had she gone like this?"

He reached for his cane and limped to the window, which was still streaming with rain.

"Confound this beastly leg! If I could only go out to look for her, too, it wouldn't

be so hard, but this damn waiting is driving me insane! Elina, Elina darling, where are you? Why have you left me?"

He returned to the fire and dropped into the chair again, and as he gazed absently into the flame, memory took hold of him, and the terrible night faded into May.

Ten years came back to him and his beautiful Elina, with all the freshness of her eighteen years, stood in the circle of his arm looking impishly up at him. Oh, her teasing laughter at his attempts to convey his love; then all of a sudden, she became totally serious. Turning impulsively, she threw her arms around his neck, and her kiss was like an electric shock. Words were hardly necessary. His kiss said "Will you?" The readily returned answer was, "Yes"; and an infinitely long embrace



*Run, fool, run! . . . Oh, how my heart throbs and my side hurts. Don't stop running he'll catch you! Oh-h-h*

Please turn page

## THE COLONNADE

sealed the bargain.

Elina was his June bride, and they left immediately for Vienna. He didn't exactly neglect her when he started to school, but medicine required long hours of arduous study. Strangely enough, however, Elina didn't mind; she began to study music and soon played remarkably well. She played for him while he relaxed after dinner. The evenings spent thus were many and pleasant, and it seemed that fate had smiled favorably on them. Fate, the hypocrite!

Two years after their marriage, they proudly announced the birth of boys—beautiful children and seemingly healthy. Little Andre died two weeks after birth.

For a while, Elina had been too stunned to realize the tragedy, then she turned to Charles with such intense and lavish affection that it nearly broke Andre's heart to see her so deranged. In woman-like lack of clear reason she began to hate Vienna; she blamed it for the misfortune, and it soon became imperative that they leave. He then took his family to a small village until he could complete his course.

The following May, Andre, Elina, and the baby had sailed for America. Tragedy again waited them; the child died before they could reach home. Under this second shock something in Elina's false reserve broke and she had never recovered. For weeks she lay in a semi-conscious state—to healthy in body to die—but with no will to live. He had returned to Charleston, set up his practice there, and had had Elina brought to a private sanatorium. At length, she had regained her sanity beyond the point of her loss. She remembered her homecoming only and reckoned time from that. Their previous marriage forgotten, Elina was upset by being alone with him; therefore, he quietly married her again rather than try to explain about her past. Now she had gone. Had her mind snapped again just when she was able to recall?

The door opened and Pierre, the butler, came in, a note of excitement in his voice

as he said.

"She is found sir."

"Where? When? Where is she?"

"She is in the hall, Doctor. She's pretty badly bruised and wet, but she seems to be all right."

Andre jumped from his chair at the news, forgot his cane and hopped with amazing alacrity into the hall; where a neighboring farmer stood with the wet, limp Elina in his arms. Andre reached to take her, then remembering his bad leg he turned and led the way up the stairs.

Much later Elina opened her eyes and looked around the strange room. A stream of yellow sunshine came through a crack in the blinds and struck the prisms of an old lamp that stood on the mantle and made dancing rainbows on the rose spangled wall-paper. Elina watched these for a moment before taking in the other details of the room. Casually she regarded the carving on the high posts of her bed, the massive wardrobe, the chest of drawers with a shaving-stand mirror, and the dainty dressing table. The first familiar things she saw were her silver-backed brushes on the table; then her eyes came to rest on Andre sleeping uncomfortably—bolt upright in a chair by the window.

"Andre", she said softly.

He opened his eyes immediately, smiled and came over to sit on the edge of the bed. Taking her hand in both of his, he said, "Good afternoon, dearest."

"Andre, I don't know this room. Where am I?"

"Why, you're in your own room. Don't you remember?"

"No, I must have been sick, since Charles died, for I don't remember a thing about our coming here. I won't brood over him as I did over Andre. I'll be well soon."

Eyes can say far more than lips, for they speak the language of the heart. Andre silently gathered her into his arms, and the message that passed between them only those who have loved and suffered can know.

# Aqui se Habla Espanol

DALILA AGOSTINI, '49

*Editor's Note: During the summer past Student Building was a "little Spain". That wing of the college housed the Spanish Workshop classrooms. Those who wished to learn to speak purer Spanish and find out more about our Spanish-speaking neighbors pledged to speak only Spanish from June 17 to July 15. The Workshop proved such a success that plans are being made for another like it next year.*

THE group of Puerto Ricans at State Teachers College will never forget the Spanish Workshop held last summer on our campus. We felt as if something of our own had been transplanted to our Alma Mater. Every aspect of our Spanish inherited culture became known to the college of which we are a part, and we were proud to see how many of our fellow students tried to speak our language as if it had been their own.

Our most interesting experience was that of meeting people from Spanish speaking countries. We came to know them through our conversation. Señor Salvada Mangiafico and Srta. Maria Rosa Ortega y Gasset were the representatives from Spain, our mother country. From both we acquired the enthusiasm for speaking purer Spanish which would serve as an example to our fellow students interested in learning it. Señor Garcia was the Cuban representative, and we shall never forget the hearty laughs from all of us at his Cuban humor. He was one of the popular figures in the Workshop. Whenever we saw him there was a group of girls around him. Not more interesting was the opportunity of meeting Señor Fructuoso Mercado, an Inca descendant, who with his musical ability delighted all of us.

Worthy of praise were the participants who bravely fulfilled the pledge not to

speak English for four weeks. More than a promise to the staff, they made a promise to themselves. Some of them would come in the morning telling us how hard they had tried to dream in Spanish, but all in vain. We are sure that after a week many of them could accomplish even this. They would go shopping downtown and point out the objects they wanted without saying a word in English. People in town knew about the Workshop, and they cooperated wholeheartedly. We remember a picnic given at Mr. and Mrs. Grainger's house. Although the host and hostess could not understand what was said, with some of us acting as interpreters, they were able to get the Spanish spirit that prevailed there. That picnic will live in our memories forever. The group of Puerto Ricans had a buggy ride, and to some of us it was the first experience in buggy riding. Later, we sang in the moonlight, under the shadow of two big trees. How typically Spanish all that was! We will always be grateful to our host and hostess for the very pleasant day they gave us.

Once, we were invited to Dr. Lancaster's house. Once when Dr. Lancaster and Dr. Mangiafico were talking one of the girls passing by stopped to ask Dr. Lancaster something about the dog in the house. But she asked it in Spanish. Dr. Mangiafico translated what the girl said, and Dr. Lancaster replied: "You please tell her . . ." and he went on with an answer in English. Dr. Mangiafico said: "I am sure that the young lady understood what you said." This shows how the cooperation we had from everybody contributed to the complete success of the Workshop.

One thing that attracted our attention was the experiment carried on in the Work-

*Continued on Page 20*

# Just Folks

S. T. C. (arriving late at football game)  
—What's the score?  
H. S. C.—Nothing to nothing.  
S. T. C.—Good! Then we haven't missed anything.

—OO—

Liza peered over the coffin lid and said,  
“Poor Rastus. Ah hopes you goes whar Ah  
specs you ain’t.”

—OO—

Visiting Minister—I wish you could see  
the altar in our new church.  
Old Maid—Lead me to it!



*Have you seen Mama???*

Two men were leaving a motion picture.  
Each one was impressed—but in different respects.

“Isn’t it wonderful,” said Number One,  
“what progress the movies have made within  
these last few years?”

“Astounding,” answered Number Two.  
“First they moved, then they talked, and  
now this one smells!”

—OO—

Irate father (at three a. m.)—Young man, why are you bringing my daughter in at this hour?

Joe College—I have an eight o’clock class in the morning.

—OO—

First Student—Let’s cut philosophy today.

Second Student—Can’t. I need the sleep.

—OO—

“Shay, fella have you seen Jonesy lately?”

“Yes, he was here about half an hour ago.”

“Well, didja notish if I wuz with him?”

# L a u g h s

'48

Editor (Our own Motley) receiving a contribution to a poetry contest—Did you write this poem?

Sue Davis—Every line of it!

Ed.—Would you give me your autograph, Miss Lowell?

—OO—

Education 400 (Student Teaching) has its moments, too!

Student Teacher—If Shakespeare were here today he'd be looked on as a remarkable man.

The usual voice from the rear—Yes, ma'am, he'd be 350 years old!!

—OO—

Green 'n White: Gosh you were brave to save you roomie's life! How did you have the courage?

Red 'n White: Had to, she was wearing my best skirt.

—OO—

Senior (reviewing for etiquette quiz)—What is etiquette?

2nd Same—Er—the noise you don't make while eating soup.

—OO—

Michigan co-ed: Have you a hobby?

Minnesota ditto: No, Ay ban single gal.

—OO—

"It gives me great pleasure," said the chapel speaker, "to be here today and bring a message to this splendid assemblage of young women, the true daughters of dear old . . . . good old . . . . er . . . . uh . . . to you young ladies.



*Don't tell me what you'd like to major in. Let me guess!!!*

"Charlie Hop"—What is the most outstanding product that chemistry has given the world?

Ann Nock—Blondes.

—OO—

New Twist

I've never seen a purple cow

And probably won't see one,  
But, noting that blue milk we get,

I'm sure that there must be one.

—OO—

This one comes from med. school.

Prof.—A patient limps because his left leg is three inches shorter than his right leg. Now Mr. Kilroy, what would you do in such a circumstance?

Kilroy—I believe, sir, that I should limp, too.

# Home Is Where the Heart Belongs



VIRGINIA BAILEY, '48

*Third Prize in Short Story Contest*

**H**NOTHER March was beginning. As Alicia stared out from her window, the same scene appeared as had appeared thousands of times before. The same old oak tree swaying with the rhythm of the wind's music; the gate to the corral creaking, not from age, but from lack of its weekly oiling; the stables badly in need of painting, but no money in sight for the job. Melancholy had once more made a conquest. Alicia looked as though the world was sitting on her shoulders, which were not strong enough to bear such a burden.

Oh, why did she always get in this mood when March winds started playing havoc among the trees and grasses? She should be as happy as a boy with a brand new kite. She had enough to be thankful for—she was alive, wasn't she? Why, of course, all she had to do was to pinch herself—a simple enough test. She was the oldest member of a wonderful family. Although her father had been dead a year, they still lived comfortably. Then why should she feel like this? It must have all started with the magazine article she had read recently—"Today Is the Day For Living—Don't Tie Yourself Down". Well, the author was right. She was young and fairly good looking. To take stock, she peered into the mirror to her left—five feet five inches tall,

weight one hundred and twenty, eyes so brown they were almost black. Her tan had stayed on through the winter months. With that, and her short hair turned slightly on the ends, she gave a slim, boyish appearance which was by no means displeasing.

During all of her twenty-two years she had remained on this little ranch in the north-west corner of Montana. It was time for her, by her own decision, to wander out to see how the rest of the world was living. She felt as did the barbarians—yes, that was it—she had yet to encounter civilization.

No, it wouldn't work. She just couldn't go off and leave Mom to take care of everything. She wasn't able, even with Bill's and Mike's help. She and Dad had always done all the outside work and left the kitchen to Mom and to Sissy, her thirteen year old sister.

The thought of the kitchen reminded her that breakfast was probably waiting. With one more doubtful glance into the mirror, she turned toward the door. As she reached the platform of the stairs, the aroma of coffee and pancakes hit her in the face and brought her back to the present. As she thought of her tasks for the day, she uttered a silent prayer of gratitude that she had once more lived through a feeling-

sorry-for-herself period. But in her heart she knew that this would not be her last conversation with herself, and with a lightness, predominated by a silent fear, she swung herself down the remaining steps.

Breakfast over, Alicia renewed in her mind the order of her day's tasks. First, she must drive to Gordonsville, which was about ten miles from the ranch, and pick up the livestock feed that she had ordered. Then, she had to purchase the provisions for the next couple of weeks. By the middle of the day, she would be back on the ranch where she would work till sundown.

Clad in faded jeans and a plaid shirt, which had seen better days, she made tracks for the dilapidated station wagon which was parked behind the house. As she climbed behind the wheel, she wondered how much longer the "lizzy" could take the beating which it almost daily received. Waving good-bye to Mom and Sissy, she tumbled down the rough driveway.

Once on the main road, she let her glance travel from left to right. She knew practically every tree and hill by heart, but the scenery never failed to fascinate her. It was a wonderful world after all! Even the majestic trees seemed to bid her good morning, and the mountains answered her flashing smile.

As she drove on in silence, even the solitude of the early morning seemed to pat her on the back. It was all as if she were being introduced to life for the first time. Something was going to happen—she could feel it in her heart—in her whole being.

Happily she pressed down on the accelerator. She was bursting with eagerness to reach Gordonsville, that boring little town where she knew every crack in the cement.

All of a sudden something happened that caused her to check her speed. Someone was in distress. Coming to a dead stop, she saw a somewhat grimy and greasy young man bending over a flashy yellow roadster. Alicia could hear him swearing to himself. "If I knew who invented these durn things, I'd break his neck for not putting directions in," said the young man, still speaking to himself.

"Can I be of any help?" interrupted

Alicia smiling. With a definitely puzzled glance, the young man looked up. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

"Oh, don't you recognize me? I'm an angel who was flying over and saw you were having trouble," Alicia sarcastically answered.

"Okay, Angel," he grinned, "I hope they have taught you modern mechanics up there." With a springing leap, Alicia was out of the station wagon. "What is the trouble?" she questioned.

"It won't run," he replied bluntly. Alicia laughed and stuck her head under the hood. "Gosh, what a mess. If it were a horse, I'd say shoot it! The only help I can offer is a lift into town and a stop at the garage."

"That's the quickest way of doing it, I guess. So—if your rates aren't too high, I'd like a one-way ticket to the nearest garage."

"At your service," grinned Alicia. "Would you prefer day coach or pullman?"

"Day coach," he gravely replied.

Laughing, they both got into the old lizzy and after a few snorts, started it again toward Gordonsville.

For the first few minutes, Alicia studied her passenger. Tall, rather nice looking, with closely cropped blond hair. He must be around twenty-eight—near her age. While she was still in the act of analyzing him, he suddenly turned and gazed at her. Embarrassed, she fixed her eyes on the road.

"Shall we introduce ourselves?" he asked. "As fellow journeymen, it might be nice to know each other."

"Alicia Summers from a long distinguished line by that name," she said in almost a monotone. "And I," he returned, "am the one and only Robert Jefferson Kennedy. You may call me Jeff. But I'll call you "Angel" since you introduced yourself to me by that name."

Alicia could feel the red slowly creeping into her face. "Suppose we forget that," she pleaded. But one look at him told her that her pleading was in vain.

"Shall I start my autobiography now," he questioned, "or do you care to be bored?"

*Continued on Page 21*

# Eve

BETTY SPINDLER, '49

I envy Eve—  
She only wore  
Her own long hair—  
And nothing more.

I envy Eve—  
When March was blowing  
She never feared  
Her slip was showing.

I envy Eve—  
Her conversation  
Need never concern  
Affairs of the nation.

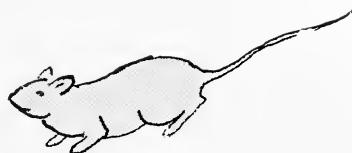
I envy Eve—  
Her worthy spouse  
Was not a menace  
To keeping house.

I envy Eve—  
By one temptation  
She's remained a topic  
For conversation.

Should man his  
Paradise regain  
You'll surely find me  
Raising Cain.



# R A T   R A C E



*Worse than the Spanish Inquisition*



*Silly, Shallow Freshmen*



*Air Raid ! ! ! !*



# Have You Read These?

## KINGSBLOOD ROYAL

Sinclair Lewis—Random House, Inc. N. Y., \$3.00

**KINGSBLOOD ROYAL** is probably more explosive in theme than any of Sinclair Lewis' previous books. Some may consider the book too jolting and disturbing to our nation, but on the other hand, it is one that every citizen should read.

The scene is laid in Minnesota. Neil Kingsblood, an average American banker, is happily married, proud of his wife and child, and well on the way to success and prominence. At the urging of his father, who believes the Kingsblood family descended from the royal family in England, Neil begins to probe into his family history. The whole theme of the story is what happens to a man who could not keep it a secret that his great-great-great-grandfather was a Negro.

The conditions under which the Negroes live and work in the town of Grand Republic, Minnesota, are vividly portrayed in the story as Neil Kingsblood attempts to learn their way of life. It brings to notice labor conditions and educational difficulties of the Negroes in the North of which few of us are fully aware. The white people of the town believed the Negroes to be characteristically sloven and spoke of them as "Niggers" or "Coons". The book presents outstanding Negro characters who have achieved distinction in their special fields in spite of many hindrances.

The author endeavors to make his readers understand how his hero, Neil Kingsblood, rated highly in the social world, can risk his standing, his job, his money, his parents, wife and child whom he loves for a cause he believes is just, to help a race that he discovers is his own. The courage and defiance that he displays is marvelous.

Sinclair Lewis leads us to believe that the Negro problem is not insoluble because

there is no Negro problem. The difficulty grows out of trying to draw a color line.

*Kingsblood Royal* can be recommended as not only entertaining, but also enlightening. It gives a different outlook on the racial question.

MILDRED DAVIS, '48

## GIVE US OUR DREAM

Arthemise Goertz—Whittlesey House, \$2.75.

**GIVE US OUR DREAM** OT many of us small town folks would want to change places with the occupants of a middle class apartment house in the New York City suburbs—especially if we knew that the house was peopled with a busybody, a red-hot communist, an insane prima donna, a snobbish, overcultured school teacher, an embittered war widow, and others of the "all kinds to make a world" type.

Yet Arthemise Goertz subtly contrives to make us love them all, or at least sympathize with them. Through the engineering of Mrs. Marsan, who is never satisfied unless she has a hand in all her neighbors' affairs, the life of each character takes a sharp turn for the better. This is because Mrs. Marsan's meddling doesn't spring from idle curiosity, but from love of life and people.

Miss Goertz's dialogue is realistic and natural, but we wonder just how realistic is the novel as a whole. As much as we love the phrase, "and they lived happily ever after", it seems that Miss Goertz had to force a few pieces of her puzzle to bring this situation about.

However, we don't hold this against her, for the many fine aspects of this book completely overshadow the one small defect, if it could be called that. Arthemise Goertz has written a tolerant, sincere, and human novel, which leaves us with the feeling that none of our fellows are such bad eggs after all.

JACQUELINE EAGLE, '50

# *Arrangement In Black and Silver*

MARY RATTRAY, '49

Black lace patterns against faded sky  
Made as the pear tree reaches out  
Its naked arms—asking to be clothed in gracious leaves.



Not yet the leaves, but snow—then rain  
Then ice again—make a silver sheath.  
Glittering white lace—reflecting winter sun.

# *Winter - East Hampton*

MARY RATTRAY, '49

Trees and hillside take to winter gracefully—  
Without abandon.



Ices glace the face of a hill casually  
Without passion.

Frozen buds know that cold is an interloper  
Without claim.

Earth, interested only in warm new green,  
Suffers the interruption with calm—

Assured by the years that under the frost  
New life stirs.

**Aqui se Habla Espanol***Continued from Page 11*

shop. Mr. William Phillips was used as the guinea pig. When he came into the Workshop, he did not know a word of Spanish. After a week there, somebody asked for the Spanish meaning of a word, and he promptly answered. What a wonderful effect it had on everybody! An applause followed his answer, and that was Bill's start in speaking Spanish.

The moment the pledge was over, out-

side girls came to embrace the participants, and it seemed as if they had come from a foreign land. One of the girls told us that she felt as if she were speaking a foreign language when she spoke English. We shall remember pleasantly the picnics, the parties and the final fiesta; because in every one of them we found something from our own. In fact, to everybody else, the Spanish Workshop was little Spain; to us it was little Puerto Rico.

---

*Cinquains*

BETTY JORDAN, '49

Autumn.

The time of year,  
When leaves that fall from trees  
Make brightly colored carpets there  
To see.

Snow time.

A lovely time—  
The snowflakes tiptoe down,  
And softly land on branches there  
Of trees.

## Home Is Where The Heart Belongs

*Continued from Page 15*

"Well, if you have had a very eventful life, I'm afraid we'll have to postpone it, for the gay metropolis is directly ahead—both streets."

"To the garage then, James. My chariot awaits my return."

"As you say, Mr. Kennedy. Your wish is but my command," she chuckled, as she turned the station wagon down the main street of Gordonsville.

A few short turns placed them in front of a somewhat modern service station that was run by what appeared to be the owner, who was then leaning against the door facing. Recognizing the station wagon, he hastily shouted a greeting. "Lo, 'Licia. What can I do for you today?"

"Not a thing, Jake. Just brought you a customer; so remember me in your will," she answered.

With this, she continued her journey to Lewis' grocery. With amazing rapidity her order was filled, and so was the station wagon. Although her mind was definitely on her work for the afternoon, her train of thought suffered a few interruptions because mental pictures of her new acquaintance would thrust themselves in now and then. Of course the usual questions popped into her mind, as they would in any girl's who had just seen a new boy in town.

What was he doing in these forsaken parts? How long would he be here? Or was he just passing through? He seemed to be nice. Maybe somehow she could get to know him better.

With such a host of unanswered questions batting around in her brain, the journey home seemed much too short. Once there, she entered into her tasks wholeheartedly, never once thinking back over the morning's events.

By five o'clock the pasture fence was mended; the cattle had all been fed and watered. Now all she had to do was walk out to the south pasture to check on the young stock. Things were really going her way this year; her stock would probably bring a good price. Of course, it was already

spent, but it was a consolation to know that her hard work was not futile.

She was nearing the house when the supper bell rang. This meant she would not have time to change her clothes. With a brisk rub here and there, she reached the conclusion that her face and hands were clean, and rushed to the kitchen to tackle the evening meal. To her surprise she found nothing but a stack of pots and pans on the floor as well as on the kitchen table. This could mean only one thing—dinner was being served tonight, and that meant company. Strange that no one had mentioned it to her. She just couldn't face company dressed as she was. Her only alternative was to leave quickly before she was discovered. She started toward the door, but her departure was checked by her Mother's voice.

"Is that you, Alicia? We're waiting for you," (came the words from the dining room.)

"Coming, Mom," she mumbled. With this she pushed open the swinging door, only to come face to face with Mr. Kennedy. What could he be doing here?

To cover her embarrassment, she practically shouted a greeting. "If it isn't Mr. Kennedy! To what do we owe this honor?"

By the time she finished her jerky sentence, she realized that he was as surprised as she.

"Hello, Angel," he greeted her, "I had no idea you were a member of this happy household."

Then everyone began talking at once. From what she could gather from all sides, Mr. Kennedy was to be a guest there for a few days. As a feature writer for "Today Magazine", he was to write a series of stories on "The Homes of the U. S." This was the home he had decided to use as a typical example of the average home in this part of America.

Taking time only to catch her breath, Alicia started questioning him.

"Is this your first assignment?" She

*Please turn page*

## THE COLONNADE

could not bear the thought of the possibility of having a fingernail-chewing, make-believe-language artist underfoot for an indefinite period.

"Why, haven't you ever heard of Ben Schuller?" he asked, sticking out his chest and grabbing hold of his suspenders.

"Ben Schuller!" cried Alicia. "He's the man who wrote the article "Today Is the Day for Living". You couldn't be that person!"

"That I am; that I am," he jestingly answered. "Don't you agree that I'm good?"

"Yes, I agree, but there's something I want to talk over with you—after dinner," she added.

All during the meal, Alicia worried over the question that was in her mind. How could she ask him what she should do. He should be able to tell her, for his old article had been the basis of all her discomfort.

When all the formalities of eating were over, and the usual compliments had been paid the hostess, Alicia steered Jeff to the living room. After seeing that he was comfortably seated, she began telling him of the dissatisfaction that had come to her as a result of his article in the last issue of "Today." He listened attentively and gave no outward signs of being amused.

When she had finished, he got up and came over to her side. He took her hand and told her why he had written the article; it had been a mere assignment and did not express his views at all.

"Honest, Angel, you are better off for having remained here all your life. I've never had a home myself. You just wait until you read my next feature, and I'm sure you'll realize what I mean."

Suddenly, Alicia realized what he did mean and smiled. Still holding his hand, she murmured, "Thanks."

She was glad that he was to remain at her home for a few days. He was nice, and she was sure he liked her. Maybe before he left, he would find that her home was really where his heart belonged. Who could tell?

S. T. C. (cooing)—Whenever I look at you I'm reminded of a famous man.

O. A. O. (flattered)—Who was he?

S. T. C.—Darwin.

—OO—

Hall Pres.—What's the racket in here? What are you doin'?

Margie Burns (always biology) I've been looking for flora and fauna.

Hall Pres.—Hmpt! Seems like you three would be too old to play hiding!

—OO—

Proud Mama: My daughter has just taken up molecules.

Awed Aunt: Oooh, I hope she will like them. I always wanted her uncle to wear one, but he couldn't keep it in his eye!

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**Coke coming**



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## THE COLONNADE

Little Jimmy came running into the house all excited.

"Mummy, do you know Johnny Grey's neck?"

When his Mother didn't answer his unusual question, he gasped again,

"Mummy, I said — you know Johnny Grey's *neck*?"

"Yes, son," she capitulated, "what about Johnny's neck?"

"Well, he just now fell into the pond up to it."

—OO—

"Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

"Yes. When Mother used to pull my hair, I wished I didn't have any."

—OO—

Pity the man who marries for love and then finds out that his wife has no money.

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PHONE 55

Two little Quaker boys were having a disagreement, and one became quite unfriendly for the time being.

1st—(passionately)—Thee is a *you*!

2nd—(calmly)—I shall tell Mother that thee swored.

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# EASY-MONEY DEPARTMENT



Just like Social Security, Only quicker. Pepsi-Cola pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags, quips and such-like for this page. Just send your stuff to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y., along with your name, address, school and class. All contributions become

the property of Pepsi-Cola Company. We pay only for those we print. (Working "Pepsi-Cola" into your gag, incidentally, won't hurt your chances a bit.) Doughy? Get dough-heavy! Or start a new hobby—collecting rejection slips. We'll help you out—one way or the other.

## DAFFY DEFINITIONS

Here's a column inspired by one of man's most fundamental motivations—his primitive urge to make a buck. And why not?—a buck's a buck. Get daffy, chums.

\* \* \*

Synonym—the word you use when you can't spell the word you want.

Pedestrian—a married man who owns a car.

Hangover—the penalty for switching from Pepsi-Cola.

Snoring—sheet music.

\* \* \*

*You've really got us to the wall when we'll pay a buck apiece for these. But that's the deal. \$1 each for those we buy.*

## GOOD DEAL ANNEX

Sharpen up those gags, gagsters! At the end of the year (if we haven't laughed ourselves to death) we're going to pick the one best item we've bought and award it a fat extra

\$100.00

### Little Moron Corner

Murgatroyd, our massive moron, was observed the other afternoon working out with the girls' archery team. Somewhat unconventionally, however—instead of using bow and arrow, Murgatroyd was drawing a bead on the target with a bottle of Pepsi-Cola. When asked "Why?" by our informant, who should have known better—"Duuuuuuuh," responded Murgatroyd brightly, "because Pepsi-Cola hits the spot, stupid!"

*\$2, legal tender, for any of these we buy. Brother, inflation is really here!*

## HE-SHE GAGS

Know a He-She gag? If you think it's funny, send it in. If we think it's funny, we'll buy it—for three bucks. We'll even print it. Sheer altruism. Take ten—and see if you don't come up with something sharper than these soggy specimens:

She: Why don't you put out that light and come sit here beside me?

He: It's the best offer I've had today—but I'd rather have a Pepsi.

He: Darling, is there nothing I can do to make you care?

She: D. D. T.

He: D. D. T.?

She: Yeah—drop dead twice!

She: Right now I'm interested in something tall, dark and handsome.

He: Gosh! Me?

She: No, silly—Pepsi-Cola!

*Yep, we pay three bucks apiece for any of these we print. You never had it so good.*

## Get Funny . . . Win Money . . . Write a Title



"

What's the right caption? We don't know. You tell us. For the line we buy we'll ante \$5. Or send in a cartoon idea of your own. \$10 for just the idea ... \$15 if you draw it ... if we buy it.

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